READER'S DIGEST
PLEASANTVILLE, N.Y. 10570

ROVING EDITOR • *Henry Hurt*

September 25, 1982

Dear Harold,

In the material I sent, I asked in a marginal note if you could help me in finding the Ford testimony on his role in the book. I have just acquired that, so please omit that from the matters I had raised.

In case I haven't said this, please know that I will be quite happy to reimburse you for the time you spend consulting with me and helping me with this project.

I've been having trouble with my catfish, and a significant omen may be that my fishing partner, the little green heron, seems to have departed. My grand scheme on raising catfish was created as I realized that I never have time any more to sit all afternoon with a fishing pole and wait for a fish to come along. I used to do that by the hour when I was younger and more irresponsible. So I decided to remedy the time problem by buying 100 tiny catfish--most about 1½" in length--and putting them in a small pond. (April '82) I then would feed them each day so that they would grow large and healthy and delicious. Then, you see, they would leap from the pond into my bucket and I would take them home and feed my family. And, to me, it seemed somewhat fair that I would feed the catfish for half the year and then they would feed us.

Well, the damned catfish have eagerly eaten all of the several hundred pounds of Purina Catfish Chow I have fed them, but they are stiffing me on feeding me in return. I have managed to catch only about five of them, and they are now about 13-14 inches in length. They are delicious to eat, but I can never count on getting the number I need. The first evening I decided to "harvest" a few, I told my wife we would have fish for dinner, that I would catch, clean and cook. No fish. Much guff from my boys, who think nothing of (?) sitting aimlessly on a pond bank all afternoon. In addition, I have come to wonder if I might have neighbors who have time to sit all night at the isolated pond and gobble up my catfish. discussing life and awaiting a fish.

Harold, is it true that all grand schemes end this way?

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BEST, Hen.